Stanza 1

The church has one foundation, 'Tis Jesus Christ her Lord; She is His new creation, By water and the word; From heaven He came and sought her To be His holy bride; With His own blood He bought

Stanza 2

Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her charter of salvation, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food, And to one hope she presses, With every grace endued.

Stanza 3 Though with a scornful wonder, Men see her sore oppressed, Though foes would rend asunder The Rock where she doth rest, Yet saints their faith are keeping; Their cry goes up, "How long?"

Stanza 4

'Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war, She waits the consummation Of peace forevermore; Till with the vision glorious Her longing eyes are blest, And the great church victorious Shall be the church at rest.